

*Tim.* Be it not in thy care:  
Go I charge thee, invite them all, let in the tide  
Of Knaues once more: my Cooke and Ile prouide. *Exeunt*

*Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.*

*1. Sen.* My Lord, you haue my voyce, too't,  
The faults Bloody:

'Tis necessary he should dye:

Nothing inboldens sinne so much, as Mercy.

*2.* Most true; the Law shall bruiſe 'em.

*Alc.* Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate.

*1.* Now Captaine.

*Alc.* I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;

For pity is the vertue of the Law,

And none but Tyrants vse it cruelly.

It pleases time and Fortune to lye heauie

Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood

Hath stept into the Law: which is past depth

To those that (without heede) do plundge intoo't.

He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,

Nor did he foyle the fact with Cowardice,

(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)

But with a Noble Fury, and faire spirit,

Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his Foe:

And with such sober and venoted passion

He did behouge his anger ere 'twas spent,

As if he had but prou'd an Argument.

*1. Sen.* You vndergo too strict a Paradox,

Striuing to make an vgly deed looke faire:

Your words haue tooke such paines, as if they labour'd

To bring Man-slaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling

Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede

Is Valour misbegot, and came into the world,

When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.

Hee's truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer

The worst that man can breath,

And make his Wrongs, his Out-sides,

To weare them like his Rayment, carelessly,

And ne're preſerre his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger.

If Wrongs be euilles, and in force vs kill,

What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill.

*Alc.* My Lord.

*1. Sen.* You cannot make grosse finnes looke cleare,

To reuenge is no Valour, but to beare.

*Alc.* My Lords, then vnder fauour, pardon me,

If I speake like a Captaine.

Why do sond men expose themselves to Battell,

And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't,

And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats

Without repugnancy? If there be

Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee

Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant

That stay at home, if Bearing carry it:

And the Asse, more Captaine then the Lyon?

The fellow loaden with Irons, wiser then the Iudge?

If Wisedome be in suffering, Oh my Lords,

As you are great, be pitifully Good,

Who cannot condemne rashnesse in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is finnes extreamest Guſt,

But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most iust.

To be in Anger, is impietie:

But who is Man, that is not Angrie.

Weigh but the Crime with this.

*2. Sen.* You breath in vaine.

*Alc.* In vaine?

His seruice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,  
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

*1.* What's that?

*Alc.* Why say my Lords ha's done faire seruice,

And slaine in fight many of your enemies:

How full of valour did he beare himselfe

In the last Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

*2.* He has made too much plenty with him:

He's a sworne Rioter, he has a sinne

That often drownes him, and takes his valour prisoner.

If there were no Foes, that were enough

To ouercome him. In that Beastly furie,

He has bin knowne to commit outrages,

And cherishe Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to vs,

His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.

*1.* He dyes.

*Alc.* Hard fate: he might haue dyed in warre.

My Lords, if not for any parts in him,

Though his right arme might purchase his owne time,

And be in debt to none: yet more to moue you,

Take my deserts to his, and ioyn 'em both.

And for I know, your reuerend Ages loue Security,

Ile pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you

Vpon his good returns.

If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,

Why let the Warre receiue't in valiant gore,

For Law is strict, and Warre is nothing more.

*1.* We are for Law, he dyes, vrg it no more

On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother,

He forfeits his owne blood, that spillles another.

*Alc.* Must it be so? It must not bee:

My Lords, I do beseech you know mee.

*2.* How?

*Alc.* Call me to your remembrances.

*3.* What.

*Alc.* I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,

It could not else be, I should proue to face,

To sue and be deny'd such common Grace.

My wounds ake at you.

*1.* Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:

We banish thee for euer.

*Alc.* Banish me?

Banish your dotage, banish vs furie,

That makes the Senate vgly.

*1.* If after two dayes shine, Athens containe thee,

Attend our waighier Iudgement.

And not to swell our Spirit,

He shall be executed presently. *Exeunt.*

*Alc.* Now the Gods keepe you old enough,

That you may liue

Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.

I'm worse then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes

While they haue told their Money, and let out

Their Coine vpon large interest. I my selfe,

Rich onely in large hurts. All those, for this?

Is this the Balsome, that the vsuring Senat

Powres into Captaines wounds? Banishment.

It comes not ill: I hate not to be banish'd,

It is a cause worthy my Spleene and Furie,

That I may strike at Athens. Ile cheere vp

My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;

'Tis Honour with most Lands to be at odds,

Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as Gods. *Exit.*

*Enter diuers Friends at severall doores.*

*1.* The good time of day to you, sir.

*2.* I also wish it to you: I thinke this Honorable Lord

did but try vs this other day.

*1.* Vpon that were my thoughts tryng when wee en-

countred. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it

seeme in the triall of his severall Friends.

*2.* It should not be, by the perswasion of his new Fea-

ring.

*1.* I should thinke so. He hath sent mee an earnest in-

uiting, which many my neere occasions did vrg mee to

put off; but he hath coniu'd mee beyond them, and I

must needs appeare.

*2.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunat bu-

sinlesse, but he would not heare my excuse. I am sorry,

when he sent to borrow of mee, that my Prouision was

out.

*1.* I am sicke of that greefe too, as I vnderstand how all

things go.

*2.* Euerie man heares so: what would hee haue borro-

wed of you?

*1.* A thousand Peeces.

*2.* A thousand Peeces?

*1.* What of you?

*2.* He sent to me sir — Heere he comes.

*Enter Timon and Attendants.*

*Tim.* With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how

fare you?

*1.* Euer at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.

*2.* The Swallow followes not Summer more willing,

then we your Lordship.

*Tim.* Nor more willingly leaues Winter, such Sum-

mer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not re-

compence this long stay: least your eares with the Mu-

sicke awhile: If they will fare so harshly o'th Trumpets

found: we shall too't presently.

*1.* I hope it remains not vkindely with your Lord-

ship, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.

*Tim.* O sir, let it not trouble you.

*2.* My Noble Lord.

*Tim.* Ah my good Friend, what cheere?

*The Banket brought in.*

*2.* My most Honorable Lord, I am e'ne sick of shame,

that when your Lordship this other day sent to me, I was

so vnfortunate a Beggar.

*Tim.* Thinke not on't, sir.

*2.* If you had sent but two houres before.

*Tim.* Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

Come bring in all together.

*2.* All couer'd Dishes.

*1.* Royall Cheare, I warrant you.

*2.* Doubt not that, if money and the season can yeild it

*1.* How do you? What's the newes?

*2.* Alcibiades is banish'd: heare you of it?

*Both.* Alcibiades banish'd?

*1.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

*2.* How? How?

*1.* I pray you vpon what?

*Tim.* My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?

*2.* Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward

*1.* This is the old man still.

*2.* Wilt hold? Wilt hold?

*1.* It do's: but time will, and so.

*3.* I do conceyue.

*Tim.* Each man to his stoole, with that spur as hee

would to the lip of his Mistis: your dyer shall bee in all

places alike. Make not a Citie Feast of it, to let the meat

coole, ere we can agree vpon the first place. Sit, sit.

The Gods require our Thanks.

*You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thank-*

*fulness. For your owne guilts, make your selues prais'd: But*

*reſerue still to giue, least your Desires be deſiſed. Lend to each*

*man enough, that one needs not lend to another. For were your*

*Godheads to borrow of men, men would for sake the Gods. Make*

*the Meate be beloued, more then the Man that giues it. Let*

*no Assembly of Twenty, be without a score of Villaines. If there*

*be twelve Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they*

*are. The rest of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens,*

*together with the common legges of Pople, what is amisse in*

*them, you Gods, make ſutable for deſtruction. For these my*

*present Friends, as they are to mee nothing, so in nothing bleſſe*

*them, and to nothing are they welcome.*

*Vncover Dogges, and lap.*

*Some ſpeake. What do's his Lordship meane?*

*Some other. I know not.*

*Timon.* May you a better Feast neuer behold

You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, & lukewarm water

Is your perfection. This is Timons last,

Who sticke and spangled you with Flatteries,

Washes it off and sprinkles in your faces

Your reeking villany. Liue loath'd, and long

Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,

Curteous Destroyers, affable Wolues, meeke Beares:

You Fooles of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Plyes,

Cap and knee-Slaues, vapours, and Minute laces.

Of Man and Beast, the infinite Maladie

Cruſt you quite o're. What do'st thou go?

Soft, take thy Physicke first; thou too, and thou:

Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.

What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast,

Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Guest.

Burne house, sinke Athens, henceforth hated be

Of Timon Man, and all Humanity. *Exit.*

*Enter the Senators, with other Lords.*

*1.* How now, my Lords?

*2.* Know you the quality of Lord Timons fury?

*3.* Push, did you see my Cap?

*4.* I haue lost my Gowne.

*1.* He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors swaies

him. He gaue me a Jewell th'other day, and now hee has

beate it out of my hat.

Did you see my Jewell?

*2.* Did you see my Cap.

*3.* Heere 'tis.

*4.* Heere lyes my Gowne.

*1.* Let's make no stay.

*2.* Lord Timons mad.

*3.* I feel't vpon my bones.

*4.* One day he giues vs Diamonds, next day stones.

*Exeunt the Senators.*

*Enter Timon.*